

GOOLE
Joseph Hawkins Cass
March 6th 1829

THE
*British
Musical Miscellany;*
BEING A
COLLECTION OF SONGS,
SET TO
MUSIC,
FOR
THE VOICE, VIOLIN, GERMAN-FLUTE, AND
MILITARY FIFE.

glen. 200.

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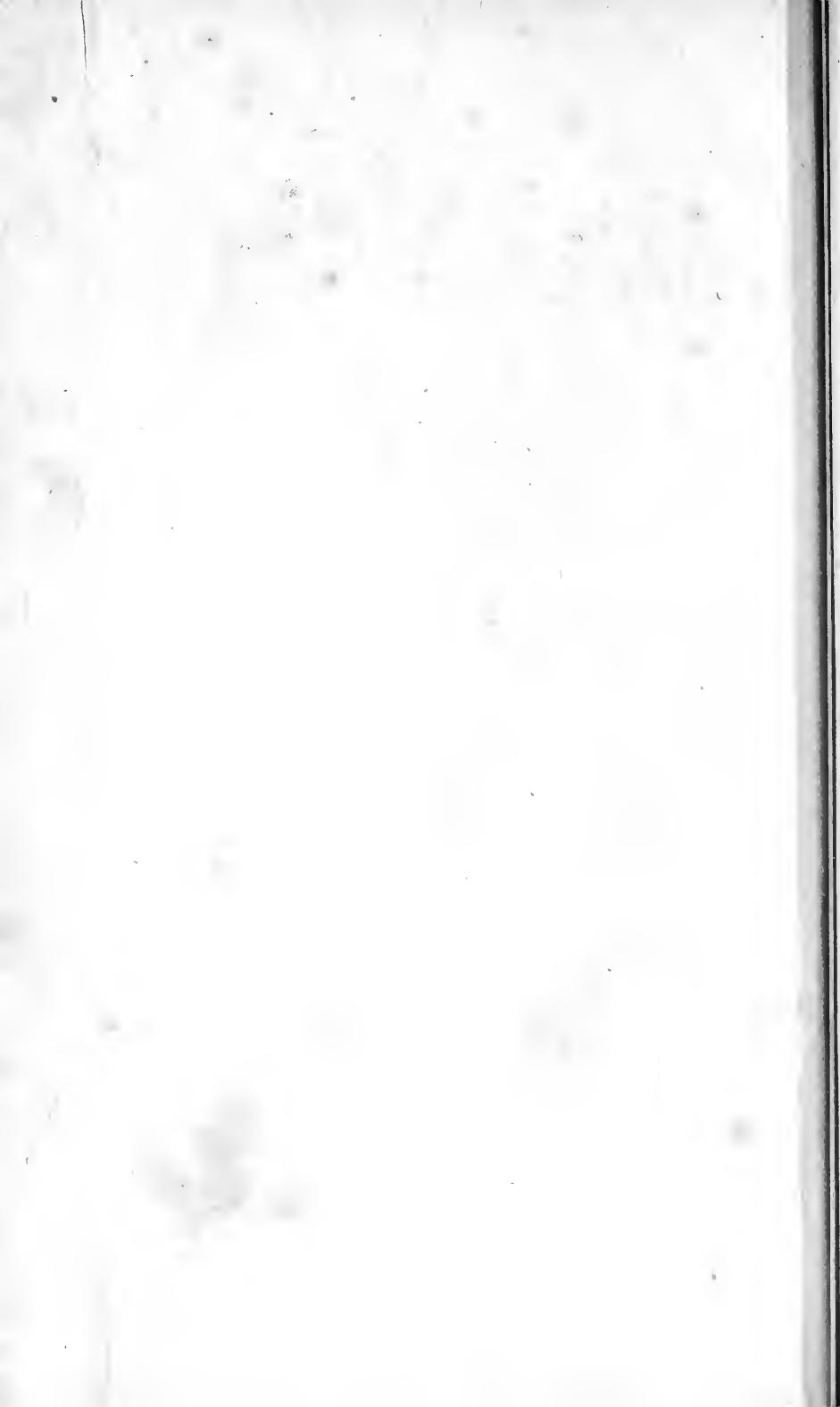
Joseph Hawkins Esq
Presented to him by his
affectionate friend
Robert John Bell as a
small token of respect—
March - 2nd 1829—

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.





X

Glen 200.

THE
BRITISH
Musical Miscellany:

BEING

A

COLLECTION

OF

SCOTCH, ENGLISH, & IRISH SONGS,

SET TO

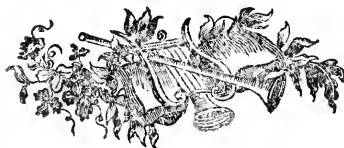
MUSIC,

WITH

PROPER KEYS

FOR THE

VOICE, VIOLIN, GERMAN-FLUTE, AND
MILITARY FIFE.



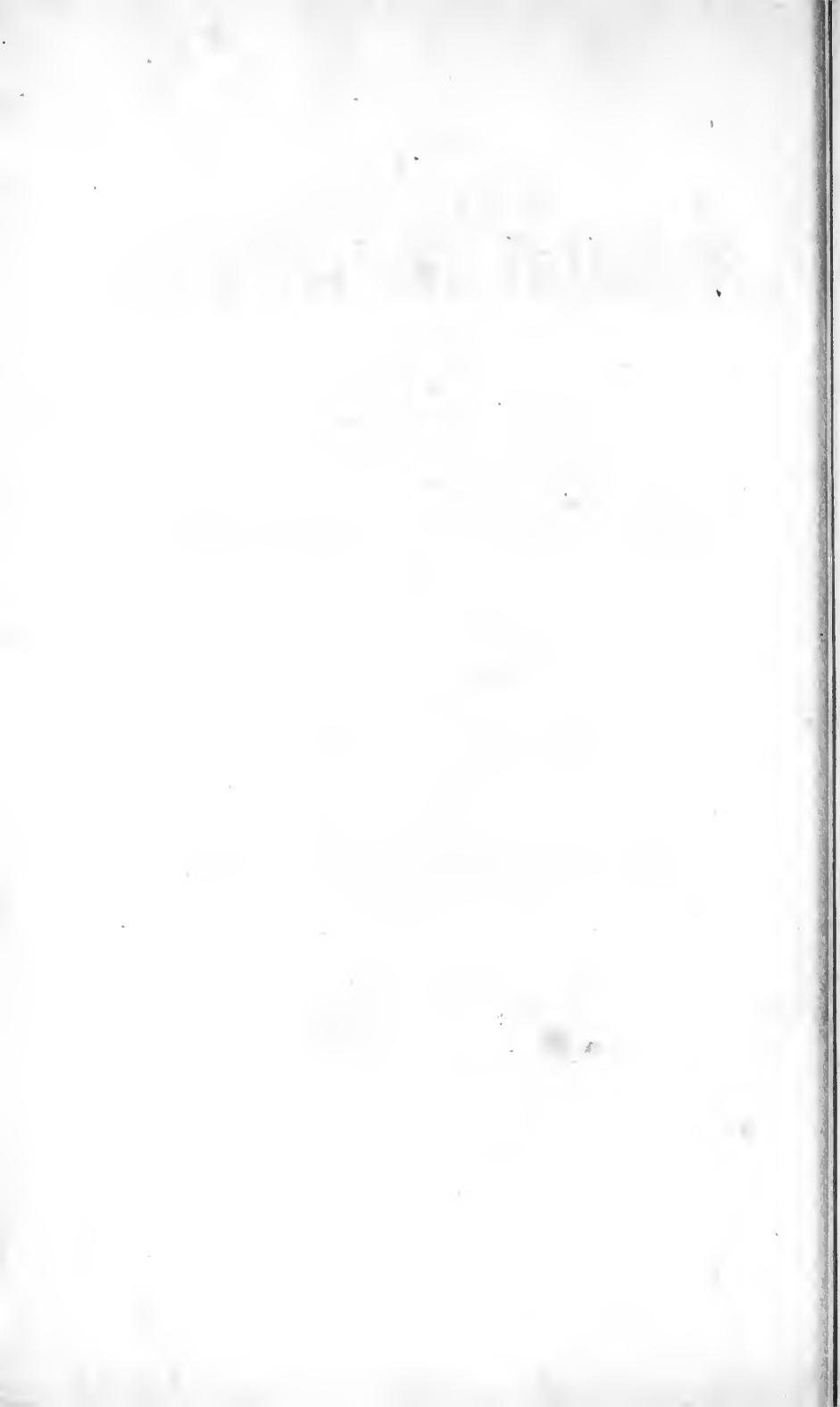
EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY THOMAS TURNBULL, CANONGATE.

—O—

1805.





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THE
BRITISH
MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

SONG I.

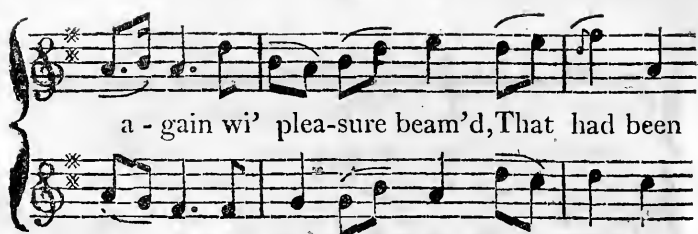
The Soldier's Return.

For two Voices, or two Flutes.

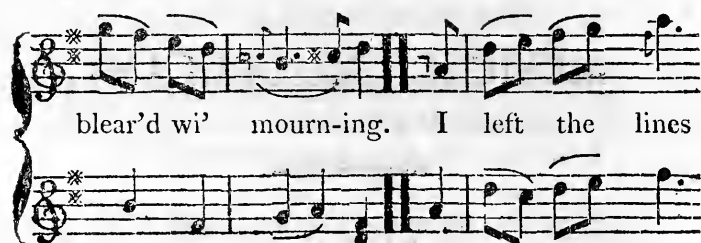
When wild war's deadly blasts were blawn,

And gen-tle peace re - - turn - ing, And eyes

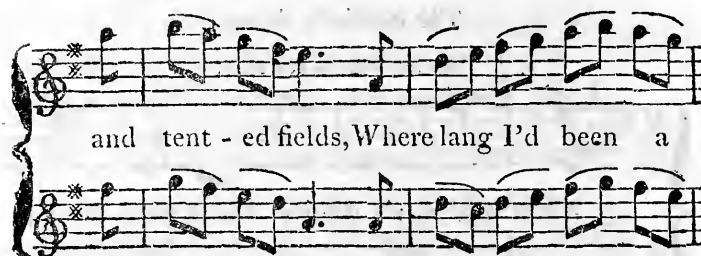
A



a - gain wi' plea-sure beam'd, That had been



blear'd wi' mourn-ing. I left the lines



and tent - ed fields, Where lang I'd been a



lodg-er ; A hum - ble knap-sack a' my



A leel light heart beat in my breast,

My hands unstain'd wi' plunder ;

And to dear Scotia hame again

I chearly on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,

I thought upon my Nancy,

I thought upon her witching smile

That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen

Where early life I sported,

I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,

Where Nancy oft I courted.

Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid

Down by her mother's dwelling !

And turn'd me round to hide the flood

That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,

Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,

O ! happy, happy may he be

That's dearest to thy bosom.

My purse is light, I've far to gang,

Fain wad I be thy lodger ;

I've serv'd my king and country lang,

Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever ;
 Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him I shall never.
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake o't.
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 You're welcome for the sake o't.

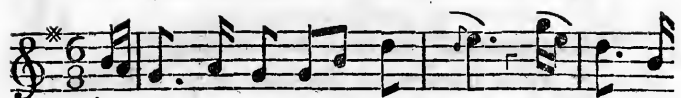
She gaz'd——she redden'd like a rose,
 Syne pale like any lily,
 She sunk within mine arms, and cry'd,
 Art thou mine ain dear Willie ?
 By him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man !——and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true hearted ;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
 And mailin plenished fairly ;
 Come then, my faithfu' soldier lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

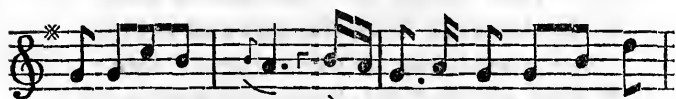
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the soldier's prize,
 The soldier's wealth is honour.
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger ;
 Remember, he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

SONG II.

I Lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane,



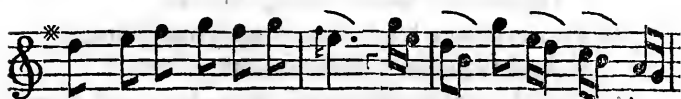
I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane, He lo'ed ne'er



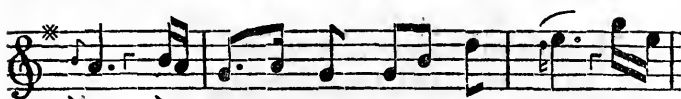
a lassie but me; He's willing to mak me his



ain, And his ain I am willing to be. He has



bought me a rockly o' blue, And a pair o' mit-tins o'



green, The price was a kiss o' my mou, And I



paid him the debt yes-treen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordly degree,
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me:

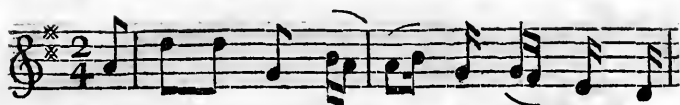
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa' ;
 I listen, poor fool ! and I greet,
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa' !

“ Dear lassie,” he cries wi’ a jeer,
 “ Ne’er heed what the auld anes will say ;
 “ Tho’ we’ve little to brag o’, ne’er fear,
 “ What’s gowd to a heart that is wae ?
 “ Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 “ Yet see ! how he’s dwining wi’ care ;
 “ Now we, tho’ we’ve naething but health,
 “ Are cantie and leil evermair.

“ O Menie ! the heart that is true,
 “ Has something mair costly than gear,
 “ Ilk e’en it has naething to rue,
 “ Ilk morn it has naething to fear,
 “ Ye wardlings ! gae hoard up your store,
 “ And tremble for fear ought ye tyne :
 “ Guard your treasures wi’ lock, bar, and door,
 “ While thus in my arms I lock mine.”

He ends wi’ a kiss and a smile,
 Wae’s me ! can I tak it amiss,
 When a lad, sae unpractis’d in guile,
 Smiles saftly, and ends wi’ a kiss !
 Ye lasses, who lo’e to torment
 Your lemans wi’ fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks,—for I’ve gi’en my consent,
 And this night I’ll take Jamie for life.

SONG III.

The Sailor's Epitaph.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The



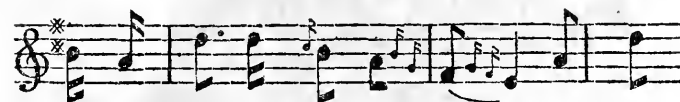
dar-ling of our crew; No more he'll hear



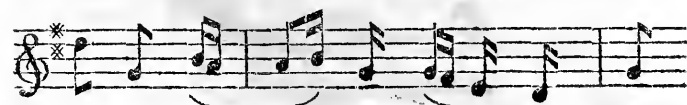
the tem-pest how-ling, For death has brought



him to. His form was of the man-liest beau-



ty, His heart was kind and soft; Faith - ful



be-low he did his du-ty, And now



Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair ;
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
 Ah many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall Poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When he who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
 For, tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.



SONG IV.

Tammy's Courtship.

O whare ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tam-



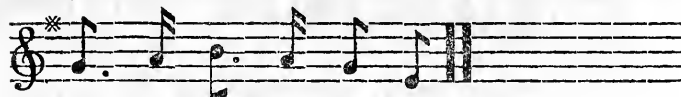
my? Whare ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tam-my?



I've been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green,



and mountain grey, Courting a wi' young thing



just come frae her mam-my.

And whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?

And whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?

I gat her down in yonder howe,

Smiling on a broomy knowe,

Herding a wee lamb and ewe, for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to that young thing, my boy Tammy?

What said ye to that young thing, my boy Tammy?

I prais'd her een sae bonny blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou' ;
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow ; she said she'd tell her
 Mammy.

I held her to my beating breast ; " My young, smiling
 Lammy,

I held her to my beating breast ; " My young, smiling
 Lammy,

" I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,

" I've walth o' plenishin' and gear,

" Ye'se get it a', war't ten times mair, gin ye will
 " leave your Mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face ; " I manna leave
 " my Mammy ;

The smile gade aff her bonny face ; " I manna leave
 " my Mammy ;

" She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,

" She's been my comfort a' my days,

" My daddy's death brought mony waes ; I canna
 " leave my Mammy."

" We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain
 " kind hearted Lammy ;

" We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain
 kind hearted Lammy :

" We'll gi'e her meat ; we'll gi'e her claise ;

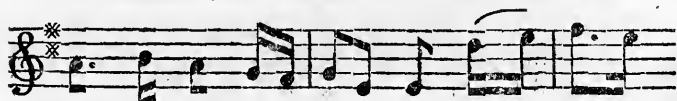
" We'll be her comfort a' her days ;"

The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says, " There !
 " gang and ask my Mammy.

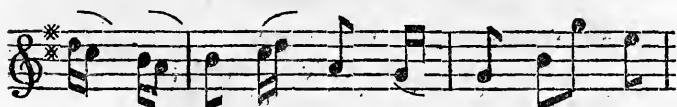
SONG V.

My Nannie, O.

Be - hind yon hills where riv'lets row, Are



moors an' mosses many, O, The wint'ry



sun the day has clos'd, and I'll a-way to



Nannie, O. The wastlin winds blows loud and



still, The night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O ;



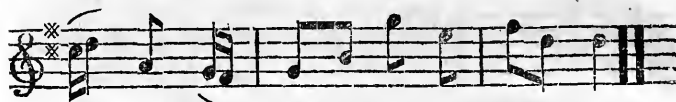
I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And



o'er the hills to Nan - nie, O. To Nan - nie, O,



to Nannie, O. I'll get my plaid, and out



I'll steal, And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.
 My riches a 's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

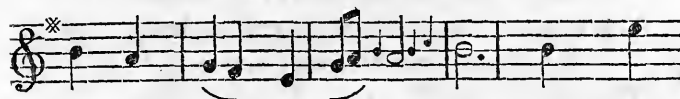
My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view,
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
 But to live, and love my Nannie, O.

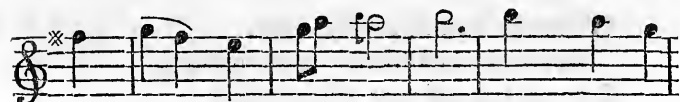
SONG VI.

Black ey'd Susan.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The



streamers wav - ing in the wind, When black-



ey'd Su - san came on board, Oh! where shall



I my true love find? Tell me, ye jo - vial



sai - lors, tell me true, Does my sweet



Wil - liam, Does my sweet Wil - liam sail a-



mong your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill cry he hear,
 And drops into her welcome nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again ;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find—
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

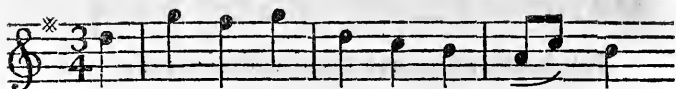
If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright :
 Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale ;
 Thy skin in ivory so white :
 Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms;
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

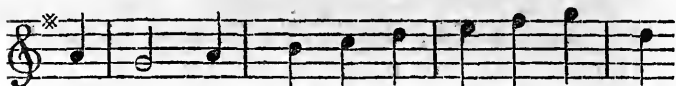
The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard:
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.



SONG VII.

Ye Mortals whom Fancies.

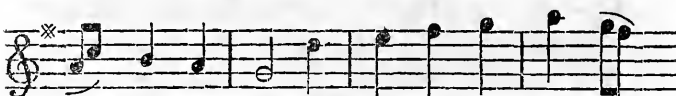
Ye mortals whom fancies and trou - bles



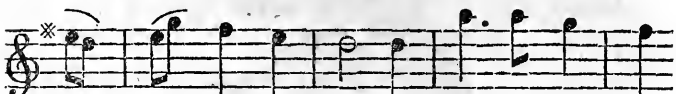
per - plex, Whom folly misguides, and in - fir -



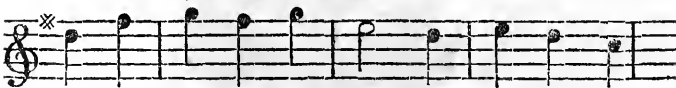
mi - ties vex, Whose lives hardly know what it



is to be blest, Who rise without joy, and



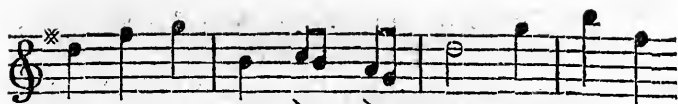
lie down without rest ; O - bey the glad sum -



mons, to Le - the re - pair, Drink deep of the



stream, and for - get all your care. Drink deep of the



streams; and for - get all your care. Drink deep of

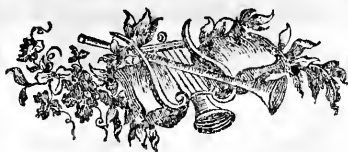


the streams, and for - get all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with rapture enjoy'd:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day;
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the streams and forget all your care.

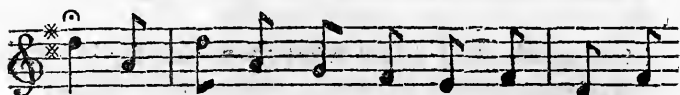
C



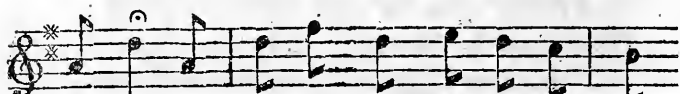
SONG VIII.

Puddy's Description of Pizarro.

From the coun-ty of Monaghan lately I



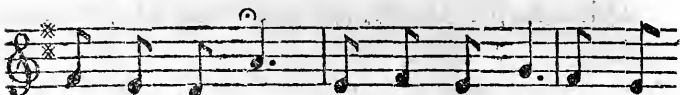
came ! The har - vest to reap, Mas - ter Doo-dy's



my name ; My cou-sin Shaugh-nos-sy I met



t'other day ! Says he, Won't you go to the



Drury-lane play ? Tol de rol la, Tol de



rol la ra la, tol de rol la ra la, la ra la, la.

Is't the play that you mean ?—Arrah, Doody you're
right,

Where they treat the whole Town with *Pizarro* to-
night.

Och ! says I, if they treat me, the thing's nate and clean.
But the treat, as he call'd it, cost me a Thirteen.

The great green thing drew up, and a lady I spy'd ;
A man came to kiss her, she scornfully cry'd—
Get out you blackguard, or I'll bodder your gig :
Then in came *Pizarro*, who growl'd like a pig.

In the days of Old Goree, a long time ago,
The Spaniards all march'd to Peru, you must know ;
Saying, Give us your jewels, your cash, and your keys ;
But a man they call'd *Rolla*, said, No, if you please.

This *Rolla* a star in the day-time appear'd,
And in a long speech he the soldiers thus cheer'd ;
Saying— Lather the Dons, you must do the nate thing,
For who wou'd not die for their country and king ?

Then Och ! what a hubbub, confusion and strife !
And *Rolla*, God bless him ! he sav'd the King's life :
Then went to *Alonzo*, coop'd up in a jail,
And sending him off, staid himself in for bail.

Then *Pizarro* came forward, and with a gossoon,
Which was handled by *Rolla* as I would a spoon—
But as he was scaling a bridge o'er the greens,
He was shot by a rogue from behind all the screens.

Then *Rolla* came running, and with him the child,
And he look'd all the world just as if he was wild ;
Saying—Take the dear creature, it's my blood that's
spilt,
In defence of your child, blood and ouns, how I'm kilt !

Then *Alonzo* gave Paddy *Pizarro* a blow,
Which laid him as dead as Old Bryan Barrow ;

And poor *Rolla*'s body was laid out in state,
And twenty fair virgins all join'd at his wake.

Then *Alonzo* came forward, and handsomely bow'd,
Saying, Ladies and Gentlemen, (meaning the crowd),
All with your permission to-morrow night then,
We'll murder *Pizarro* all over again.

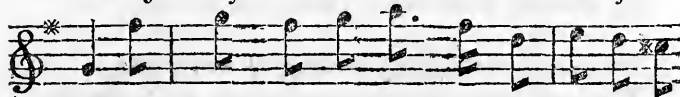


SONG X.

A' body's like to be Married but me.



As Jen - ny sat down wi' her wheel by the



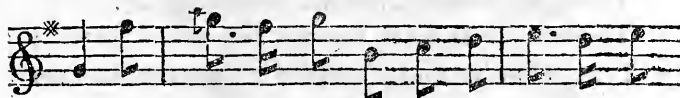
fire, And thought of the time that was fast fleein'



by, She said to her-sel' wi' a hea-vy heigh



hee, O, a' bo-dy's like to be mar-ried but



me! She said to her-sel' wi' a hea-vy heigh



hee, O, a' bo-dy's like to be mar-ried but me!

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa',
 And tho' I've had woers mysel', ane or twa,
 Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er yet could see:
 O, a' body's like to be married but me!

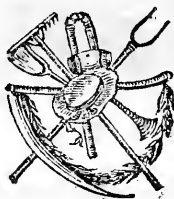
There's Lowrie the Lawyer would ha'e me fu' fain,
 Who has baith a house and a yard o' his ain ;
 But before I'd gang to it, I rather would die ;
 A wi' stumpin' body ! he'll never get me !

There's Dickie, my cousin, frae Lun'on come down,
 Wi' fine yellow buckskins that dazzled the town ;
 But poor deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my e'e :
 O, a' body's like to be married but me !

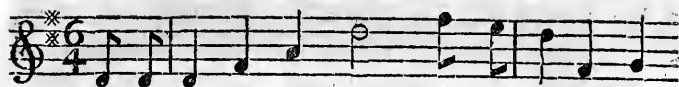
But I saw a lad by yon saughy burn side,
 Wha weel wad deserve ony Queen for his bride ;
 Gin I had my will soon his ain I would be :
 O, a' body's like to be married but me !

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie shou'd,
 My friends if they kend it would surely rin wud,
 For tho' bonny and good, he's no worth a babee :
 O, a' body's like to be married but me !

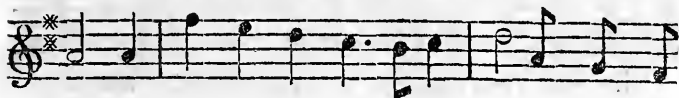
'Tis hard to tak shelter behint a leigh dike,
 'Tis hard for to tak ane we never can like,
 'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain would be wi' ;
 Yet its harder that a' shou'd be married but me !



SONG XI.

To Anacreon in Heaven.

To An-a-creon in heav'n, where he sat in full



glee, A few sons of har-mo-ny sent a pe - ti-



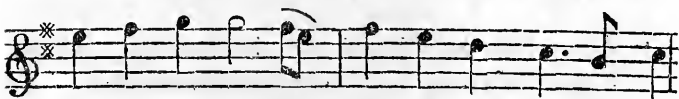
tion, That he their in-spir-er and pa-tron would



be ; When this an-swer ar-riv'd from the jolly



old Grecian : " Voice, fiddle, and flute, No



longer be mute, I'll lend you my name, and in-



spire ye to boot: And, be-sides, I'll instruct you



The news through Olympus immediately flew,
 When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—
 “ If these mortals are suffer'd their plans to pursue,
 The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
 Hark! already they cry,
 (In transports of joy)
 Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;
 And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,
 From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
 Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 And the bi-forked hill, a mere desert will be:
 My thunder, no fear on't,
 Will soon do its errand,
 And d—me, I'll swinge the ring-leaders I warrant;
 I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

Apollo rose up, and said, "Pry'thee, ne'er quarrel,
 Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below ;
 Your thunder is useless." Then shewing his laurel,
 Cried, "*Sic evitable fulmen*, you know !

Then over each head,
 My laurel I'll spread,

So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
 Whilst, sung in their club-room, they jovially twine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
 And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join—
 "The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
 But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall
 be mine.

Then Jove be not jealous,
 Of these honest fellows."

Cried Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now
 tell us ;

And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd :
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.

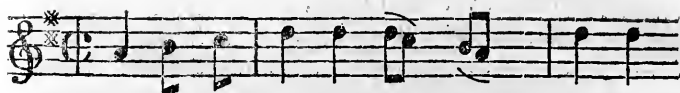
While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

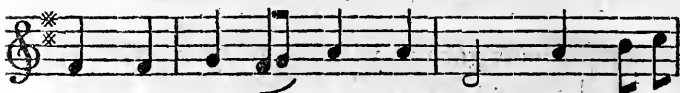
May our club flourish happy, united, and free !

And long may the sons of Anacreon twine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

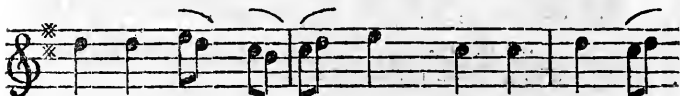
SONG XII.

The Sailor's Allegory.

Life's like a ship in con - stant mo - tion,



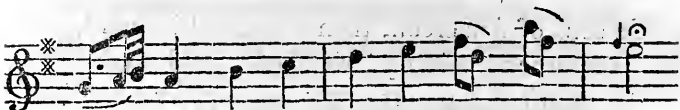
Sometimes high and sometimes low ; Where ev'ry



one must brave the o - cean, What-so - e - ver



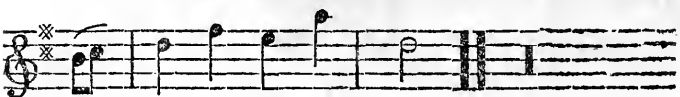
winds may blow. If un-as - sail'd by squall or



show - er, Waft-ed by the gen - tle gales,



Let's not lose the fav' - ring hour, Whilst

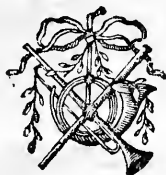


suc - cess at-tends our sails.

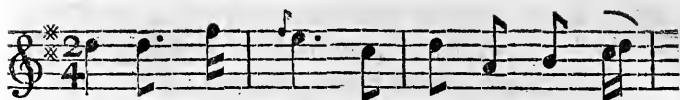
But if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn from reason how to steer :
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 That's a ballast seldom fails ;
 If dangers rise, be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
 Whilst your vessel's under way ;
 Let good example bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray,
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas o'er the surface rails,
 Let good direction guide the rudder,
 And Providence unbend the sails.

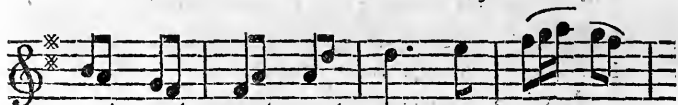
Then when you're safe from danger riding,
 In some welcome port or bay,
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care awhile in slumbers lay ;
 Then when each can's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails,
 Let each heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink succœss unto our sails.



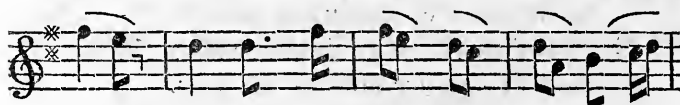
SONG XIII.

De'il tak' the War.

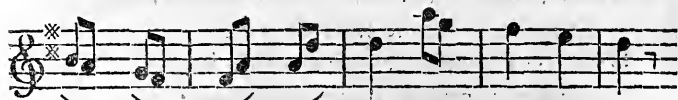
De'il tak' the war that hur-ry'd Wil-lie



frae me, Who to love me just had



sworn; They made him cap-tain, sure to un-



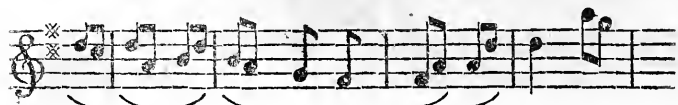
do me, Wae is me, he'll ne'er re-turn.



A thou-sand loons abroad will fight him, He



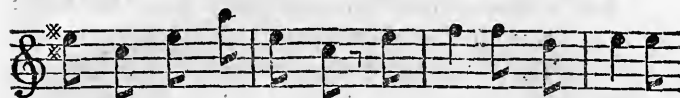
from thousands ne'er will run; Day and night



I did in-vite him To stay at hame frae



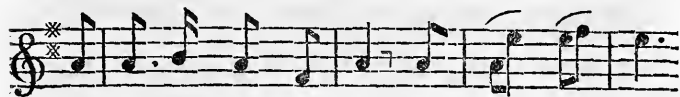
sword and gun. I us'd al-lur-ing gra-ces, Wi'



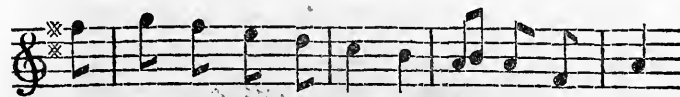
mo-ny kind em-bra-ces, Now sighing, Now crying,



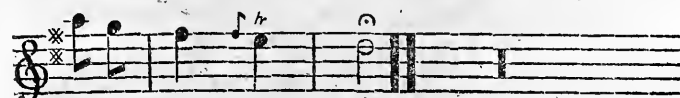
Then tears dropping fall ; And had he my soft arms



Preferr'd to war's a-larms, My love grown mad,



With-out the man of Gad, I, fear in my fit



I had grant-ed all.

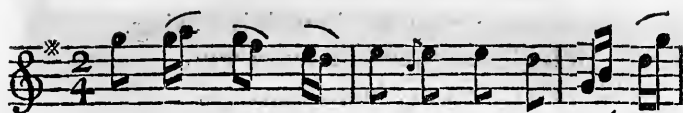
I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking ;
 Snares that they told me would catch the men ;
 And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again :
 For a new gown, too, I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;

My love well might think me braw and bonny,
Nae Scots lass was e'er so fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe, too, with thread I knotted,
Lac'd shoes, and silken hose garter'd o'er the knee;
But oh! the fatal thought!
To Willie these were nought;
Who rode to towns, and rifled wi' dragoons,
When he, silly loon, might ha'e plunder'd me.

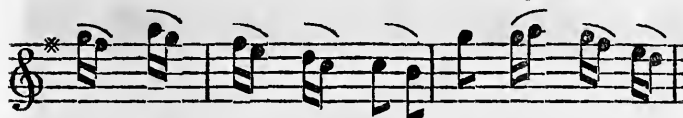


SONG XIV.

Kiss me Sal, and say, Adieu.



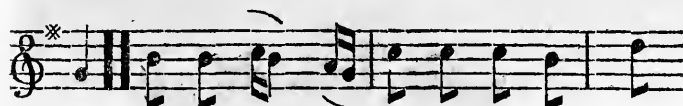
See, sweet Sal, the boat is rea-dy, War de-



mands that we should part, But thy Wil-liam,



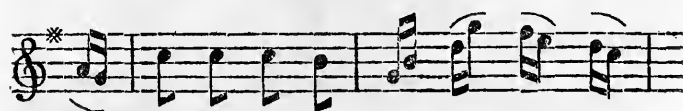
ev-er stea-dy, Seeks his trea-sure in thy



heart. Ho-nour calls, while I am stay-ing, Griev'd



my love, to part with you. Hark! they chide



me for de-lay-ing;—Kiss me Sal, and



say a-dieu.

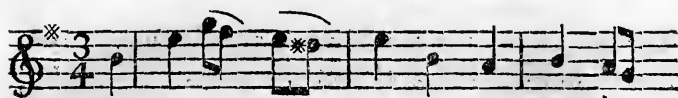
Tho' proud France and Spain combining,
Claim the sea where Britons reign ;
British hearts and valour joining,
Soon will drive them from the main :

Then, when peace her branch is waving,
Wing'd with love I'll fly to you,
Share with Sal my honest savings,
Kiss—but never say adieu.



SONG XV.

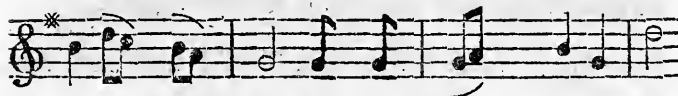
Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the Sea.



Had Neptune, when first he took charge of



the sea, Been as wise, or at least been as



merry as we, He'd have thought better on't,



and in - stead of the brine, Would have fill'd



the vast o - cean with ge - ner - ous wine, - - -



- - - Would have fill'd



the vast o - cean with ge - ner - ous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain ;
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun would drive on with more haste,
 Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
 And when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his nap
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine,
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such rain,
 To fill all our vessels, and fill 'em again ;
 Nay, even the beggar, that wanted a dish,
 Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

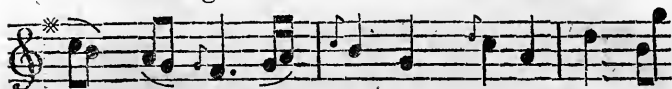
What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow !
 Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plough ;
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
 Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, (who, I think, don't to drinking incline),
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
 And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

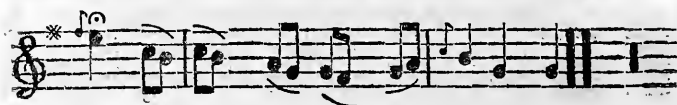
Had this been the case, what had we enjoyed !
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd.
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.



a fav'ring breeze, But, Oh! much sweet-er



than all these, But, Oh! much sweeter than all



these, Is Jack's de-light, his love-ly Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
 To shew of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man ;
 The needle, time may rust ; a squall
 Capsize the binnacle and all,
 Let Seamanship do all it can :
 My love in worth shall higher rise,—
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
 My faith and truth to my lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd
 For serving of a worthless friend,
 And ev'ry creature from me ran ;
 No ship performing quarantine
 Was ever so deserted seen,
 None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man ;
 But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
 Though cut adrift by all the world,
 I had all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
 To mourn their loss who hazard ran ;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
 By manners love to shew the man ;
To sail through life by honour's breeze :—
'Twas all along of loving these
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.



SONG XVII.

*How sweet in the Woodlands.**For two Voices or two Flutes.*

How sweet in the woodlands, With fleet hound

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of two staves, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is written in a simple, flowing style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'How sweet in the woodlands, With fleet hound' are written below the staves.

and horn, To a - wak-en shrill e-cho, and

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'and horn, To a - wak-en shrill e-cho, and' are written below the staves.

taste the fresh morn, But hard is the chase my

The third system of musical notation. It includes a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) in the middle of the system. The lyrics 'taste the fresh morn, But hard is the chase my' are written below the staves.

fond heart must pursue, For Daphne, fair Daph-

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the melody. The lyrics 'fond heart must pursue, For Daphne, fair Daph-' are written below the staves.

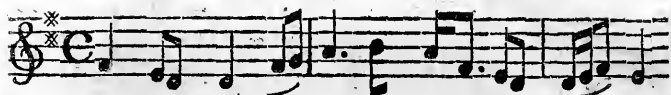


Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with dis-
 dain :

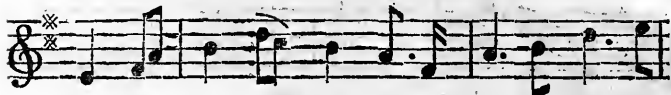
In pity o'ertake her, who kills as she flies ;
 Tho' Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myrtilla that dies.



SONG XVIII.

Braw braw Lads o' Galla Water:

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, Ye wan-der



thro' the bloom-ing heather; But Yarrow braes nor



Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads on Gal-la



wa-ter.

But there is ane, a sacred ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie is nae laird,
 And tho' I ha'e nae muckle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was gold, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O! that's the choicest world's treasure.

SONG XIX.

Mary's Charms subdued my Breast.

To the foregoing Tune.

MARY's charms subdued my breast,
Her glowing youth; her manner winning;
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Fancy kindly on my mind
Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining,
When raptur'd first I found her kind,
Her melting soul to love resigning.

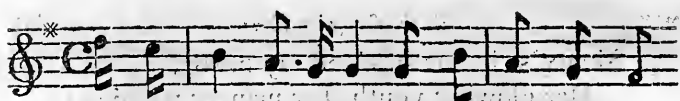
Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
And still I've found her more endearing;
Each wayward passion she controul'd,
Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
With artless look attention courting,
With infant smiles dispel each gloom,
Around our hut so gaily sporting.

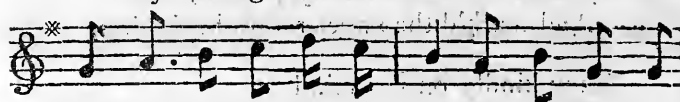


SONG XX:

The Golden Days of good Queen Bess.



To my muse give attention and deem it not



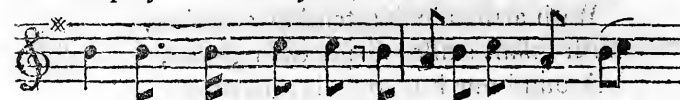
a mys - te - ry, If we jum - ble to - ge - ther



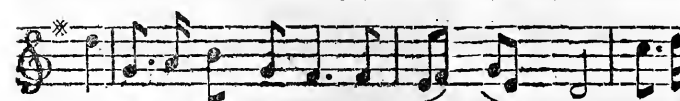
mu - sic, po - e - try, and his - to - ry; The times to



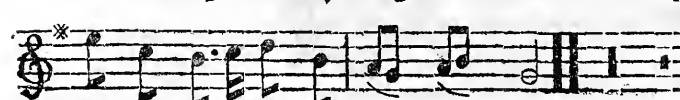
display in the days of Queen Bess, Sir, Whose



name and whose mem'ry pos - te - ri - ty may bless,



Sir : O the golden days of good Queen Bess! Merry



be the me - mo - ry of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
 With their gun-powder puffs, and their blust'ring bra-
 vadoes ;

For we knew how to manage both the musket and the
 bow, Sir,

And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
 crow, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
 thatch'd, Sir,

Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only latch'd,
 Sir ;

Yet so few were the folk that would plunder or rob,
 Sir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

Then our Ladies with large ruffs, ty'd round about
 the Neck fast,

Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their
 breakfast,

While a close quill'd up coif, their noddles just did fit,
 Sir,

And they truss'd up as tight, as a rabbit for the spit,
 Sir.

O, the golden days &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose,
 Sir,

With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
 beaus, Sir,

Strong beer they prefer'd too, to claret or to hock, Sir,
 And no poultry they priz'd, like the wing of an ox, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then, was as plenty too as beef,
 Sir,
 And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, Sir ;
 While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle, and the
 plough, Sir,
 And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow,
 Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

Then foot-ball, and wrestling, and pitching of the bar,
 Sir,
 Were preferr'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, Sir ;
 And for jaunting, or junketting, the favourite regale,
 Sir,
 Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and
 ale, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

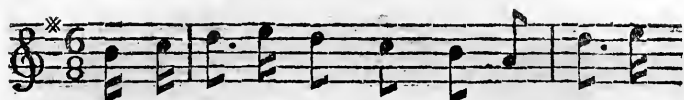
Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice at least to
 church, Sir,
 And never left the parson nor the sermon in the lurch,
 Sir ;
 For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
 good in, Sir,
 And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd
 without a pudding, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

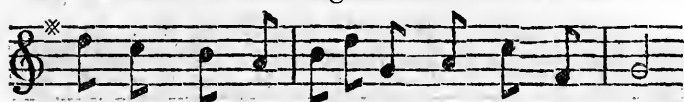
Then our great men were good, and our good men
 were great, Sir,
 And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
 State, Sir ;
 For the sovereign and subject one interest supported,
 And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
 courted.

O, the golden days, &c.

SONG XXI.

Ere around the huge Oak.

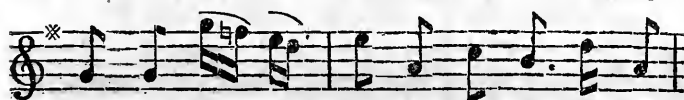
Ere around the huge oak, that o'er-sha-dows



yon mill, The fond i-vy had dar'd to en-twine ;



Ere the church was a ru-in that nods on



the hill, Or the rook built his nest on the



pine; Or the rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,

Since my fore-fathers toil'd in this field ;

And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate

Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,

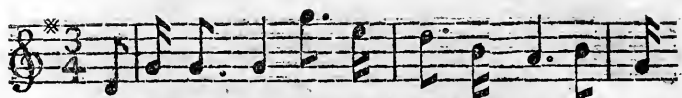
Which unsullied descended to me ;

For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,

And it still from a spot shall be free.

SONG XXII.

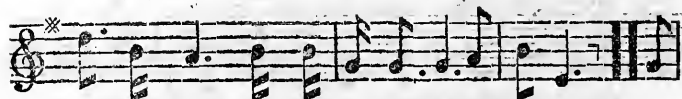
I had a Horse, and I had nae mair.



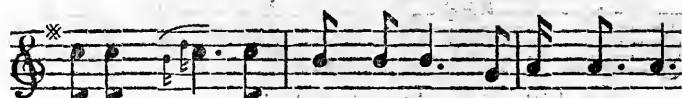
I had a horse, and I had nae mair, I gat



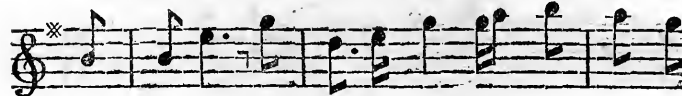
him frae my daddie ; My purse was light and my



heart was sair, But my wit it was fu' ready. So



I bethought me on a time, Outwit-tens o'



my daddie, To fee my-sel' to a la'land



laird, Who had a bon-ny la-dy.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
 " Madam, be not offended,
 " I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
 " And I care na' tho' ye kind it :

" For I get little frae the laird,
 " And far less frae my daddy,
 " And I would blythly be the man,
 " Would strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh ;
 " Ye needna been sae blate, man,
 " Ye might hae come to me yoursel',
 " And tald me a' your state, man :
 " Ye might ha'e come to me yoursel',
 " Outwittens o' ony body,
 " And made John Goukston o' the laird,
 " And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,
 We drank wine in a coggie,
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
 And wow, but I was vogie !
 But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg
 Since I cam frae my daddie,
 The laird cam', rap ! rap ! to the yett
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me in behint a chair,
 And co'er'd me wi' a plaidie :
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
 An' wish'd me wi' my daddie !
 The laird gied out, he saw na me,
 I gade when I was ready :
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
 To see his bonny lady.

SONG XXIII.

O Poortith cauld, and restless Love.

To the foregoing Tune.

O, POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye break my peace between ye!
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
If 't were na for my Jeannie.

Chorus.

O, why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining!
Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love
Depend on fortune's shining.

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't,
Fie, fie, on silly coward man
That he should be the slave o't.

O, why should fate, &c.

Her e'en, sae bonny blue, betray,
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks o' rank and fashion.

O, why should fate, &c.

O, wha can prudence think upon
Wi' sic a lassie by him;
O, wha can prudence think upon
And sae in love as I am.

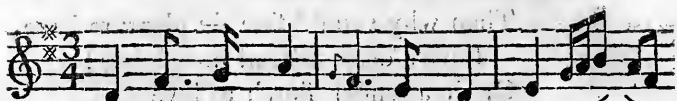
O, why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate,
He woo's his simple dearie,
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make him eerie.

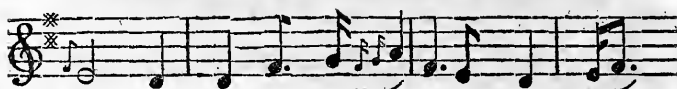
Then why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining !
Or sic a tender flow'r as love
Depend on fortune's shining ?



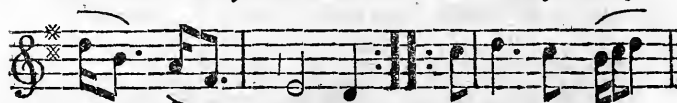
SONG XXIV.

I'll never leave thee.

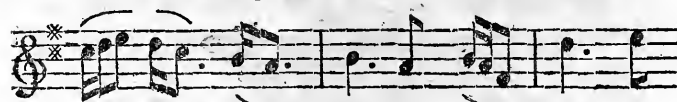
One day I heard Ma-ry say, How shall I



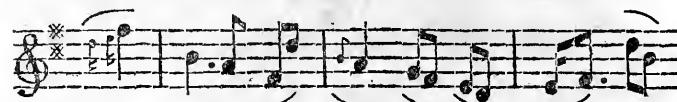
leave thee? Stay, dear-est A-do-nis, stay, Why



wilt thou grieve me? A-las! my fond



heart will break, If thou should leave me;



I'll live and die for thy sake, Yet ne-



ver leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love to grieve thee?

My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me ;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe,
 This breast shall receive thee,
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee,

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee ?

O ! that thought makes me sad ;
 I'll never leave thee.

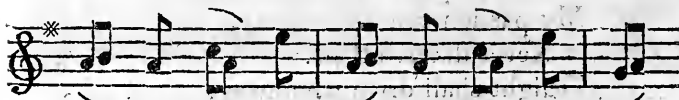
Where would my Adonis fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ?
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.



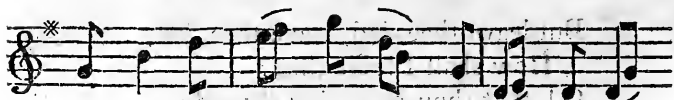
SONG XVII.

The Braes of Yarrow.

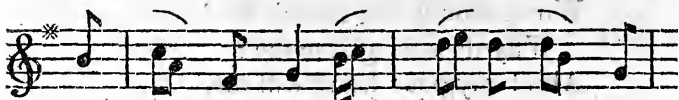
The sun just glancin' through the trees, Gave



light and joy to ilk - a grove, And plea-



sure in each south-ern breeze, Awak-en'd hope



and slum-b'ring love. When Jen-ny sung with



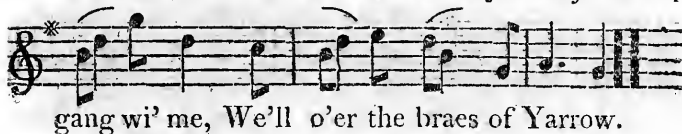
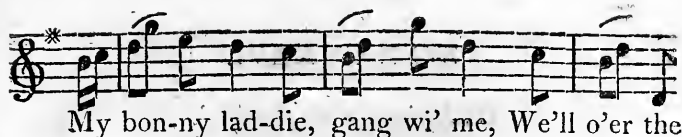
hear-ty glee, To charm her winsome marrow, My



bon-ny lad-die, gang wi' me, My bonny lad-die,



gang wi' me, We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow :



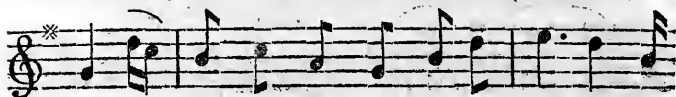
Young Sandy was the blythest swain
 That ever pip'd on bonny brae;
 Nae lass could ken him free frae pain,
 Sae graceful, kind, sae fair and gay.
 And Jenny sung, &c.

He kiss'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
 Her sparkling een had won his heart,
 No lass the youth had e'er betray'd:
 No fear had she, the lad no art.
 And Jenny sung, &c.

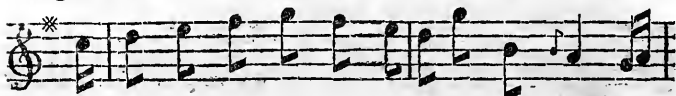
SONG XXVI.

Gude forgi'e me for lyin'.

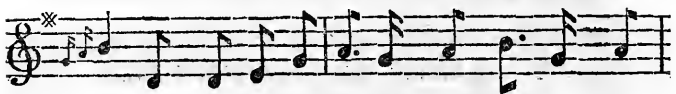
Ae day a brow woo-er cam down the lang



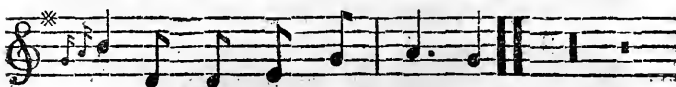
glen, An' sair wi' his love he did deave me; But



I said there was naithing I hated like men! The



deuce tak him to believe me, be-lieve me; The



deuce tak him to be - lieve me,

A weel stockit mailen, himsel' o't the laird,

A bridal aff hand was the proffer;

I never loot on that I kend or I car'd,

But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,

And how for my love he was dyin':

I said he might die when he liket for Jean;

The gude forgi'e me for lyin'!

But what do you think ! in a fortnight, or less,
 (The de'il's in his taes to gànè near her !)
 He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess ;
 Guess ye how the jade I could bear her.

Sae a' the niest ook, as I fretted wi' care,
 I gade to the tryste o' Dulgarlock ;
 An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
 Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out o'er my left shouther I gade him a blink,
 Lest nei'bours should think I was saucy :
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd that I was his dear lassie,

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearing,
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet ?
 Gude saf us ! how he fell a swearin'.

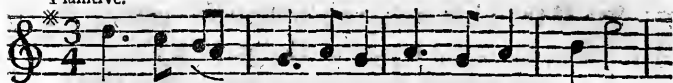
He begg'd me, for gudesake, that I'd be his wife,
 Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow :
 So just to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I shall wed him to-morrow.



SONG XXVII.

Here awa, there awa.

Plaintive.



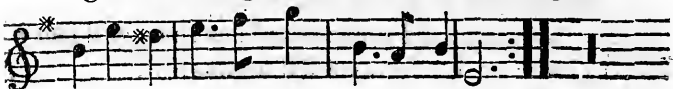
Here a - wa, there a - wa; here a - wa, Wil-lie,



Here a - wa; there a - wa, here a - wa hame;



Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,



Now I have gotten my Wil-lie a-gain.

Through the lang muir I follow'd my Willie,
 Through the lang muir I follow'd him hame,
 Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame:
 Come, love, believe me, naithing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

SONG XXVIII.

*Oh, no, my Love, no.**Espressivo.*

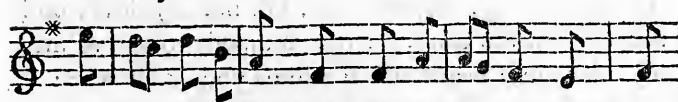
While I hang on your bo-som, dis-tract-ed



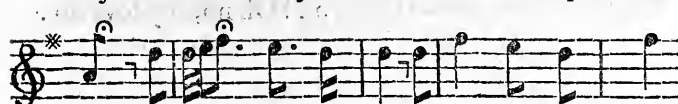
to lose you, High swells my sad heart, and



fast my tears flow ; Yet think not of coldness



they fall to accuse you, Did I e - ver up - braid



you ? Oh, no, my love, no. I own it would please



me at home could you tar-ry, Nor e'er feel a



wish from Ma-ri-a to go ; But if it gives pleasure



to you, my dear Har-ry, Shall I blame your



departure? Oh, no, my love, no. Shall I



blame your departure? Oh, no, my love, no.

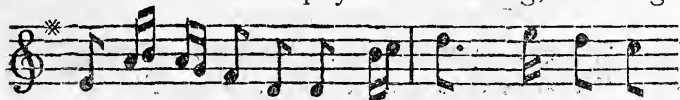
Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
 That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow;
 Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
 Do you think I suspect you! Oh no, my love, no!
 I believe you too kind, for one moment to grieve me,
 Or plant in a heart which adores you, such woe;
 Yet, should you dishonour my truth and deceive me,
 Shou'd I e'er cease to love you! Oh no, my love no!



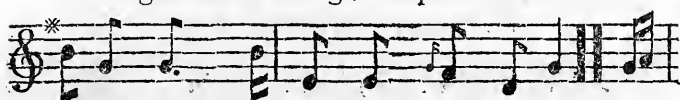
SONG XXIX.

Jenny's Bawbee.

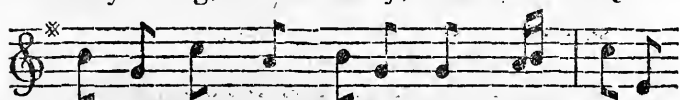
I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi' hang-



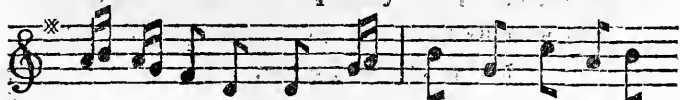
in' lugs an' faces lang; I spier'd at neibour



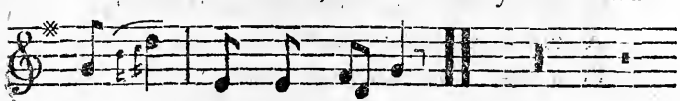
Bauldy Strang, What are they, these we see? Quoth



he, Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel' Thinks himsel'



cunnin' as the de'il, An' here they cam a-wa'



to steal Jen-ny's bawbee.

The first, a captain to his trade,
 Wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back weel clad,
 March'd round the burn, and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee;

Quoth he, " My goddess, nymph, and queen,
 " Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een !"
 But de'il a beauty he had seen
 But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird niest trotted up,
 Wi' bassen'd nag, and siller whup ;
 Cried, " Here's my beast, lad, had the grup,
 " Or tie him to a tree ;
 " What's gowd to me ? I've walth o' lan'—
 " Bestow on ane o' worth your han'."
 He thought to pay what he was awn'
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer niest, wi' blath'rin' gab,
 Wi' specches wove like ony wab ;
 O' ilk ane's corn he took a dab,
 And a' for a fee ;
 Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
 And tradesmens' tongues nae mair could drown ;
 But now he thought to clout his gown
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

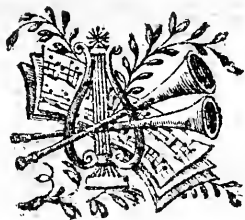
Quite spruce, just frae the washin' tubs,
 A fool cam niest ; but life has rubs,
 Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
 And sair besmear'd was he :
 He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,
 And grinn'd, " I' faith a bonny lass."
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
 The sodger not to strut sae big,
 The lawyer not to be a prig :
 The fool he cried, " Tee-hee !

“ I kend that I could never fail :”
 But she prinn’d the dish-clout to his tail,
 And cool’d him wi’ a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

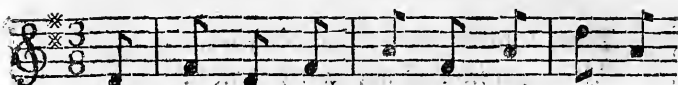
Then Johnny cam, a lad o’ sense,
 Although he had nae mony pence :
 He took young Jenny to the spence,
 Wi’ her to crack a wee.

Now Johnny was a clever chiel’,
 And here his suit he press’d sae weel,
 That Jenny’s heart grew saft as jeel,
 And birl’d her bawbee.



SONG XXX.

Ye Sportsmen draw near, and ye Sportswomen too,



Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswo-



men too, Who delight in the joys of the field :



Who delight in the joys of the field : Mankind,



tho' they blame, are all eager as you, And no one



the contest will yie - - - ld, And no one the



contest will yield. His lordship, his worship, his



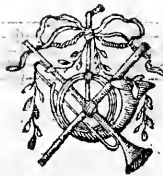
honour, his grace, A-hunting con - ti-nual - ly

go; All ranks and de-grees are en - gag'd in
the chace, With hark forward, huz-za, tally
ho - - -, All ranks and de - greees are en-
gag'd in the chace, hark for-ward, huz - za,
tal-ly ho - -, tal-ly ho, tal-ly ho, tally ho, tally
ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho - - -, Hark for-
ward, huzza, tally ho - - -.

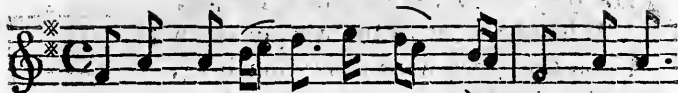
The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn
To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the commons full speed ;

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of the game ;
 The poet too often lies low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

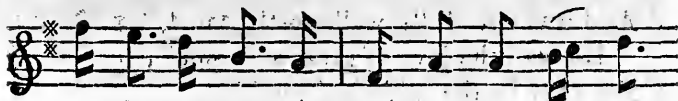
While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap,
 And the fences of Virtue break down ?
 Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.



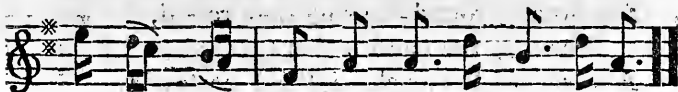
SONG XXXI.

Willie was a Wanton Wag.

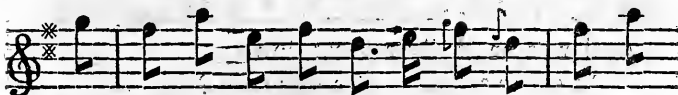
Willy was a wan-ton wag, the blythest lad



that e'er I saw; At bri-dals still he bore



the brag, And car-ried ay the gree a-wa.



His doublet was of Zetland shag; And vow! but

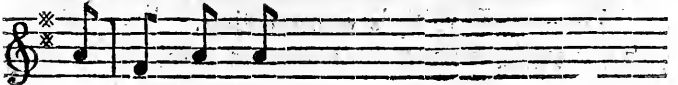


Wil-ly he was braw; And at his shouther hang



a tag that pleas'd the lass - es best of a'.

2d Verse.



He was a man

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw :
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw ;
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd,
 He wan the love of great and sma' ;
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale-a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When by the hand he led them a' ;
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

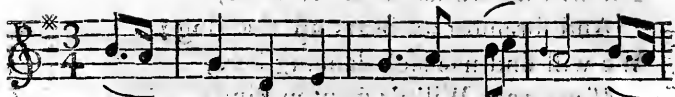
And was na Willy a great lown,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks, are sair.
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring ;
 But shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face ;
 With bobbing, Willy's shanks are sair,
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like Willy, ye advance ;
 (O ! Willy has a wanton wag :)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sick dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.



SONG XXXII.

What Beauties does Flora disclose.

What beau-ties does Flo-ra dis-close, How



sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed ! But Ma - ry,



still sweet-er than those, Both na-ture and



fan-cy ex-ceed. No dai-sy nor sweet



blush-ing rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs



of the field, Nor Tweed glid-ing gent-ly



thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring.
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair,
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh tell me at noon where they feed?
 Is it on the sweet-winding Tay,
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



SONG XXXIII.

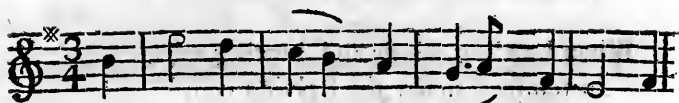
*The Original Set.**To the foregoing Tune.*

WHEN Maggy and I were acquaint,
 I carried my noddle fu' hee ;
 Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
 Nae gowdspink sae bonny as she.
 I whistl'd, I pip'd, and I sang ;
 I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed ;
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell ;
 My tears did my passion express :
 Alas ! for I lo'ed her owre weel,
 And the women lo'e sic a man less.
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her price had my ruin decreed ;
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.



SONG XXXIV.

To fair Fidele's Grassy Tomb.

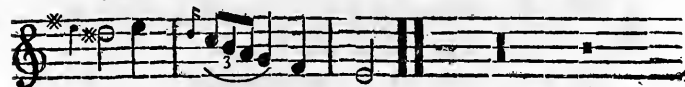
To fair Fi - - de - - le's gras - sy tomb, soft



maids and vil-lage hinds shall bring Each op'-



ning sweet of ear - liest bloom, and ri - fle



all the breath-ing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female feys shall haunt the green,
 And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft, at ev'ning hours,
 Shall kindly lend it's little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid:

When howling winds and beating rain,
 In tempest shake the Sylvian cell,
 Or 'midst the chace upon the plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be daily shed.
 Belov'd till life could charm no more,
 And mourn'd till pity's self is dead.



SONG XXXV.

How stands the Glass around.

Why, soldiers ! why
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, soldiers ? why !
 Whose business 'tis to die.
 What ! sighing ? fie ;
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly boys ?
 'Tis he, you, or I, —
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry ;
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain,
 (I mean not to upbraid you, boys ;)
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain :
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.



SONG XXXVI.

The Birks of Invermay.

The smil-ing morn; the breath-ing spring, in-



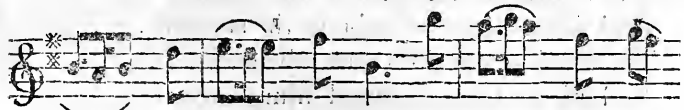
vite the tune-ful birds to sing, And



while they war - ble from each spray, love melts



the u - - ni - ver - sal lay, Let us, A-



man - da, time - - ly wise, like them im-prove



the hour that flies, And in soft raptures waste the



day, a - mong the birks of In-ver-may.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade ;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice ;
 Let us like them, then sing and play
 Among the birks of Invermay.

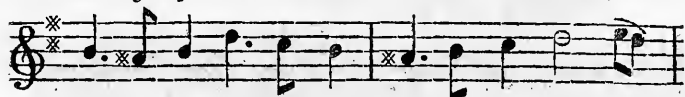
Hark ! how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance ;
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.



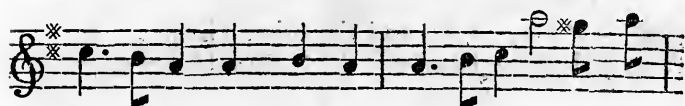
SONG XXXVII.

A jolly Jack Tar.

A jolly Jack Tar, but a little time since, As



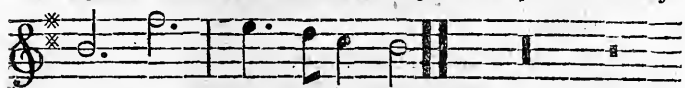
poor as a beggar, as drunk as a prince, Ran



foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin To pass



by without call-ing, reel'd jo-vial-ly in. Derry



down, down, down derry down.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye;
By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then he leap'd from
his place,

And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were met,
Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,

Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the old English taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room echo with three British cheers;
Then he sets himself down without further debate,
And claps a chew'd quid in his next neighbour's plate.

Derry down &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmens' surprize,
Who shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd up
their eyes;

From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem;
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them,

Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice;
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,
Cry'd, Down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep the
deck.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar;
I have him, says he; but he cou'd say no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood before.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen unite,
Each takes up his knife, and prepares for the fight;
Of quarters, cries Jack, I would not have you think,
Strike, strike, ye frog-eaters, strike, strike, or ye sink.

Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,
 And pour'd in his broad-side so stout and so thick ;
 He so well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
 Were decently laid with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
 For fear that Jack's stick should alight on their pate,
 Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord of the main ;
 Then humbly intreated to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted that they
 For the beef, for the pudding, and porter should pay ;
 They agreed ; so the sailor reel'd off with his wench,
 And roar'd as he reel'd, Down, down with the French.

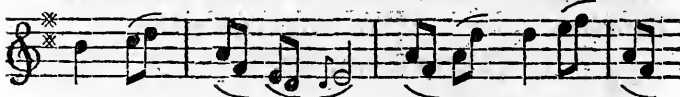
Derry down, &c.



SONG XXXVIII.

Down the Burn and through the Mead.

Down the burn, and thro' the mead, his gold-en



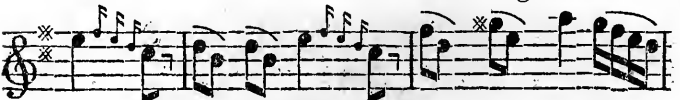
locks wav'd o'er his brow, Johnny lilt-ing tun'd



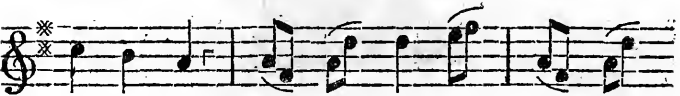
his reed; And Ma-ry wip'd her bon-ny mou.



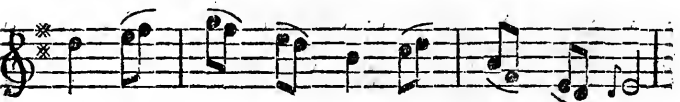
Dear she lo'ed the weel known sang, While her



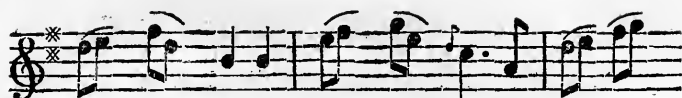
Johnny, Blythe and bon-ny, Sung her praise the



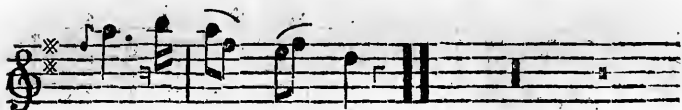
hale day lang. Down the burn, and thro' the



mead, His gold-en locks wav'd o'er his brow,



John - ny lilt-ing tun'd his reed, And Ma-ry



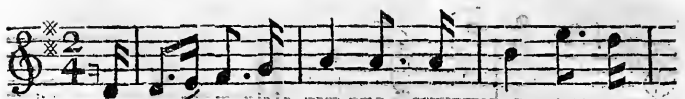
wip'd her bon - ny mou.

Costly claes she had but few ;
 Of rings and jewels nae great store ;
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd no more :
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize ;
 O'er the mountain,
 Near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes,
 Down the burn, &c.

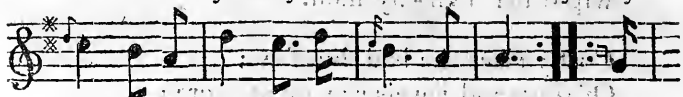
Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart ;
 Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart :
 Sweet's the joy the lovers find,
 Great the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
 Down the burn, &c,

SONG XXXIX.

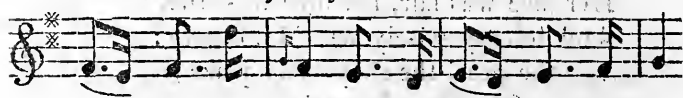
O saw ye my Father, or saw ye my Mother.



O saw ye my fa-ther, or saw ye my



mother, Or saw ye my true love John? I



saw nae your 'fa-ther, I saw nae your mo-



ther, But I saw your true love John.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,

And gently tirl'd the pin.

The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,

And she open'd and let him in.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,

And crawl when it is day;

Your neck shall be of the bonny beaten gold,

And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,

For he crew an hour o'er soon.

The lassie thought it day when she sent her love
away,

And it was but a blink of the moon.

SONG XL.

How sweet's the Love that meets Return.

When first I kend young Sandy's face, He



sung and look'd wi' sic a grace; He sung



and look'd wi' sic a grace; He stole my heart,



but did not care: The lad he lo'ed a lass



mair fair; And oft I sung o'er brae and burn,



How sweet's the love that meets re-turn!

He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind;
 Which made the love-sick laddie rue;
 For she was cauld when he was true:
 He mourn'd and sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return!

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
 Where liliacks with sweet cowslips join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair ;
 But she refus'd a gift so fair.
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne ;
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

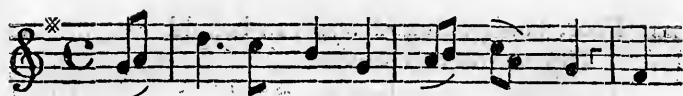
Just then he met my tell-tale een,
 And love so true is soonest seen :
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine ;
 For thy soft wishes are like mine :
 Now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

My answer was both frank and kind ;
 I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind :
 To kirk we went wi' hearty glee ;
 And wha sae blest as he and me !
 Now blithe we sing, o'er-brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !



SONG XLI.

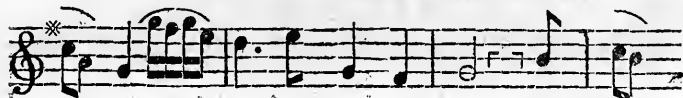
'Twas near a Thicket's calm retreat.



'Twas near a thick-et's calm re-treat, Un-



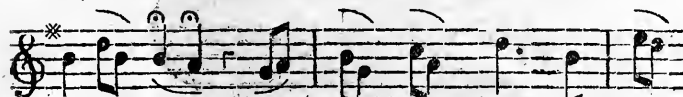
der a pop-lar tree, Ma-ri-a chose her lone-



ly seat To mourn her sor-rows free. Her love-



ly form was sweet to view, As dawn at



op'ning day ; But ah ! she mourn'd her love



not true, And wept her cares a-way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet

In murmurs smooth along ;

Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,

Had now forgot its song.

No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast :
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize—
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor, hapless maid ! who can behold

Thy sorrows so severe,

And hear thy lovelorn story told

Without a falling tear ?

Maria, luckless maid ! adieu !—

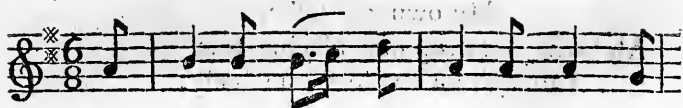
Thy sorrows soon must cease ;

For heaven will take a maid so true

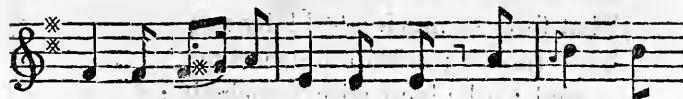
To everlasting peace.



SONG XLII.

Somebody.

Were I o-blig'd to beg my bread, And



had no where to lay my head, I'd creep where



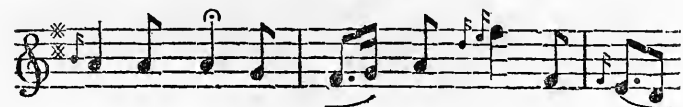
yon-der flocks are fed, And steal a look at



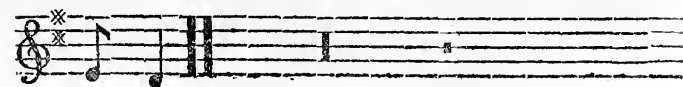
some-bo-dy. My own dear some-bo - dy, My



con-stant some-bo - dy, I'd creep where yonder



flocks are fed, and steal a look at some-



bo - dy.

When I'm laid low and am at rest,
 And, may be number'd with the blest;
 Oh; may thy artless, feeling breast,
 Throb with regard for somebody:

My own dear, &c.

Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
 And sigh for the lost somebody.

But should I ever live to see
 That form so much ador'd by me;
 Then thou'lt reward my constancy,
 And I'll be blest with somebody;

My own dear, &c.

Then shall my tears be dry'd by thee,
 And I'll be blest with somebody.

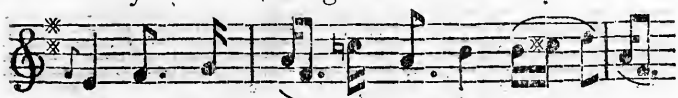


SONG XLIII.

My Laddie is gone far away o'er the Plain.



My lad - die is gone far a - - way o'er the



plain, While in sor-row, be-hind I'm forc'd



to re-main, Tho' blue bells and vi'-lets the



hedg-es a-dorn, Tho' trees are in blossom,



and sweet blows the thorn, No plea-sure they



give me, in vain they look gay; there's no-



thing can please now, my Jockey's a - way. For-

lorn I sit sing-ing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, my dear-est Jockey ; haste, haste,
 my dear-est Jockey, haste,haste,my dearest Jockey,
 to me back a - gain.

When lads, and their lasses, are on the green met ;
 They dance, and they sing, and they laugh, and they
 chat ;

Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee ;
 I can't without envy their merriment see.

Those pastimes offend me ; my shepherd's not there :
 No pleasure I relish, that Jockey don't share.

It makes me to sigh ; I from tears scarce refrain

I wish my dearest Jockey,

I wish my dearest Jockey,

I wish my dearest Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair ;

He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;

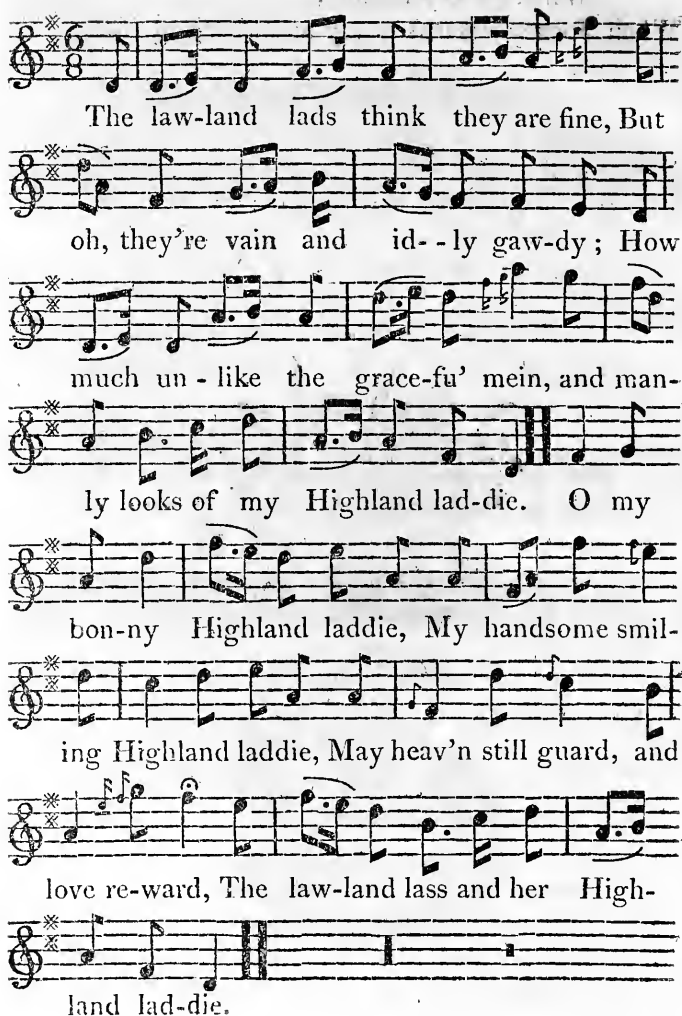
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast ;

For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.

Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh ;
Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns,
 When Jockey returns,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.



SONG XLIV.

The Highland Laddie.


The law-land lads think they are fine, But
 oh, they're vain and id - ly gaw-dy ; How
 much un - like the grace-fu' mein, and man-
 ly looks of my Highland lad-die. O my
 bon-ny Highland laddie, My handsome smil-
 ing Highland laddie, May heav'n still guard, and
 love re-ward, The law-land lass and her High-
 land lad-die.

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Burrow's town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.

O my bonny, &c.

SONG XLV.

*The Highland Lassie.**To the foregoing Tune.*

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco saucy ;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.
 O my bonny Highland lassie,
 My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrow's-town,
 Wha mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd tak' my Katty but a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighterin' heart gangs pittie pattie.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stén,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty ;
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
 O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,

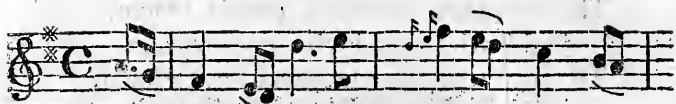
While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
 O my bonny, &c.



SONG XLVI.

The last time I came o'er the Muir.



The last time I came o'er the muir, I



left my love be-hind me; Ye pow'rs, what pain



do I en-dure, When soft i - - de-as mind



me. Soon as the rud-dy morn dis-play'd The



beam-ing day en - suing, I met betimes my



love-ly maid, In fit re - treats for woo-ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me ;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover ;
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

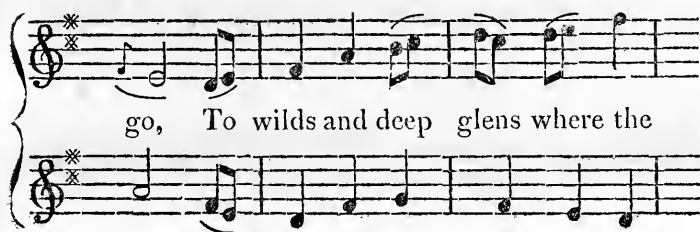
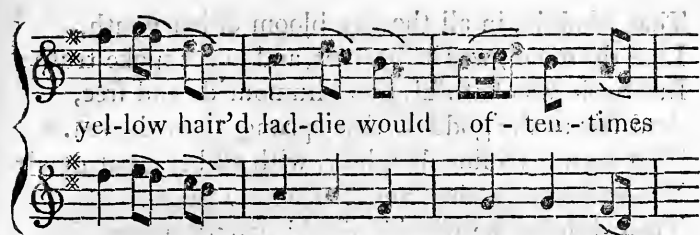
SONG XLVII.

*The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.**For two Voices, two Violins, or two Flutes.*

In A-pril when prim-ro - - ses paint the

sweet plain, And sum-mer ap - proach-ing re-

joi-ceth the swain, joi-ceth the swain, the



There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom, he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn :
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Sylvans and Fairies, unseen, danc'd around.
 'The shepherd thus sung : Tho' young Maddie be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful, proud air :
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
 Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.
That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be.



SONG XLVIII.

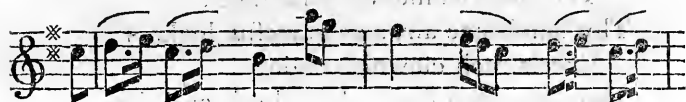
Kath'rine Ogie.



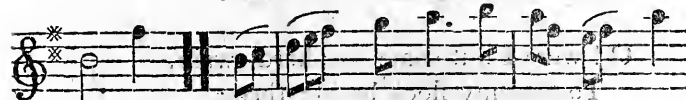
As walk-ing forth to view the plain, Up-on



a morn-ing ear-ly, While May's sweet scent



did cheer my brain, from flow'rs which grew so



rare-ly ; wold I chanc'd to meet- a pret-ty maid,



She shin'd, tho' it was fog - gie : I ask'd



her name; Sweet Sir, she said, My name is



Kath'rine O - gie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country maid so neatly :
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like lilies in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Excels each clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O ! were I but some shepherd-swain,
 To feed my flock beside thee ;
 At bughting-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations ;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations ;
 Might I caress, and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For they are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature ;
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in Nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and fogie.
Pity my care, ye Powers above,
Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie !



SONG XLIX.

*Highland Mary.**To the foregoing Tune.*

YE banks, and braes, and streams, around
 The castle of Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
 Your waters never drumlie.
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there does longest tarry ;
 'Twas there I took the last fareweel,
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom :
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder.
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 Has nipt my flow'r so early ;
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

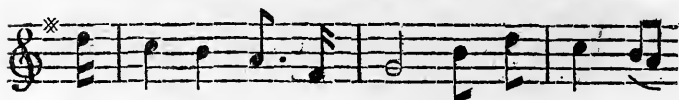
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
 That dwalt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



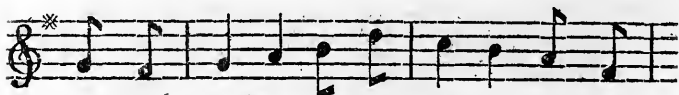
SONG L.

The Sea Storm.

Cease rude Bo-reas; blust'ring rail - er, List



ye landsmen all to me, Messmates, hear a



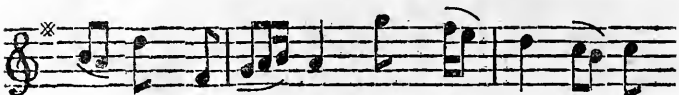
bro-ther sai-lor Sing the dan-gers of the



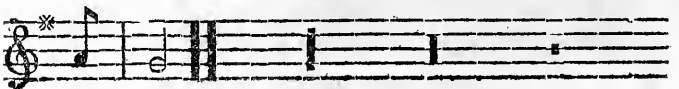
sea, From bounding bil - lows first in mo-tion,



When the dis-tant whirlwinds rise ; To the tem-



pest trou-bled o - cean, where the seas contend



with skies.

Lively.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand !
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling !
 Down your stay-sails ! hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces ;
 Quick the topsail sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
 Up your topsails nimbly clew !

Slow.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms.—
 Round us roar the tempest louder ;
 Think what fear our mind enthral :
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
 Now again the boatswain calls :

Quick.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys !
 See all clear to reef each course !
 Let the fore-sheets go ; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse,
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get ;
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
 Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
 Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Slow.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
 Peals on peals contending clash !

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !

In our eyes blue lightnings flash !

One wide water all around us,

All above us one black sky !

Diff'rent deaths at once surround us.

Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

Quick.

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,

O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.

A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;

Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces !

Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !

Plumb the well ; the leak increases,

Four feet water in the hold !

Slow.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,

We for wives or children mourn ;

Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;

Alas ! from hence there's no return.

Still the leak is gaining on us ;

Both chain pumps are choak'd below.

Heav'n have mercy here upon us !

For only that can save us now !

Quick.

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys ;

Let the guns o'er-board be thrown ;

To the pump, come, every hand, boys ;

See our mizen-mast is gone,

The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast :
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

Moderate.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune spar'd our lives ;
 Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !



SONG LI.

Lash'd to the Helm.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky, And



thun-ders roll, and light-nings fly; In midst



of all these dire a-larms, I think, my Sal-



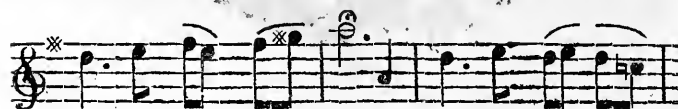
ly, on thy charms: The troubled main, The



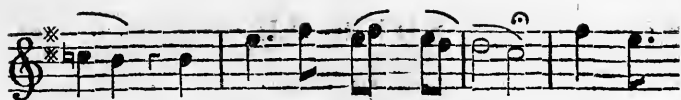
wind and rain, My ar - dent pas-sion prove;



Lash'd to the helm, Should seas o'erwhelm, I'd



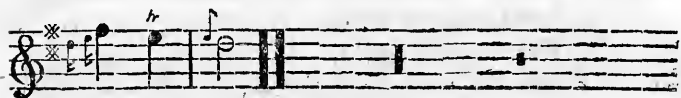
think on thee, my love; I'd think on thee, my



love ; I'd think on thee, my love : Lash'd to



the helm, Should seas o'erwhelm, I'd think on



thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers :

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove ;
Lash'd to the helm,
Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

But shou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore ;

No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
I then with thee
Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

SONG LI.

*The Invitation.**To the foregoing Tune.*

Tho' winter spreads her drear domain,
 And whirlwinds howl on ev'ry plain;
 Tho' snows descend in northern storms,
 The thought of Bet my bosom warms;

Let tempests roll
 From pole to pole,
 And wild tornadoes threat;
 Bless'd with thy love,
 I'll cheerly rove,
 And think on thee, my Bet!

Then haste, Eliza, to my cot,
 Where winter's frowns shall be forgot;
 Thy presence makes each season gay,
 And stern December sweet as May.—

Come, then, my dear,
 Disperse thy fear,
 No danger here beset;
 As swift as thought,
 The hours will sport,
 While bless'd with thee, my Bet.

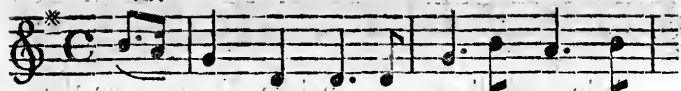
At length when Spring new paints the mead,
 To thee I'll tune my oaten reed;
 Or lead thee to yon silent grove,
 Sweet harbour of content and love!

There, blythe and gay,
 I'll bless the day,
 When first my love I met;
 I'll laugh at pain,
 Nor e'er again
 Will part with thee, my Bet.

SONG LIII.

Blow high, blow low.

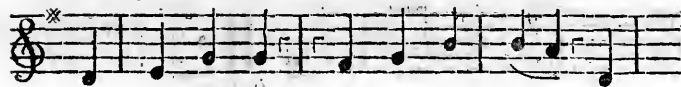
:S:



Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear The



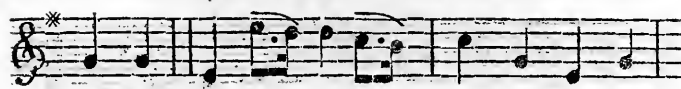
mainmast by the board ; My heart, with thoughts



of thee, my dear, And love well stor'd, Shall



brave all danger, Scorn all fear, The roar-ing



winds, the rag - ing sea, In hopes on shore To



be once more, Safe moor'd with thee. A - loft



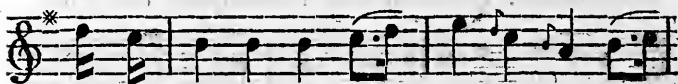
while mountains high we go, The whistling



winds that scud along, And the surge roaring from

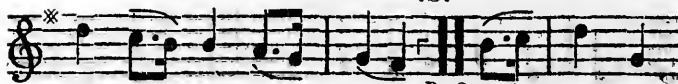


below, Shall my sig-nal be To think on thee ;



Shall my sig-nal be To think on thee ; And

:S:

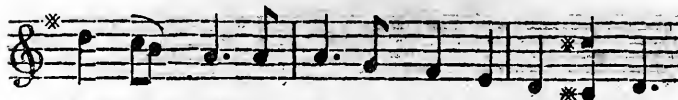


Da Capo.

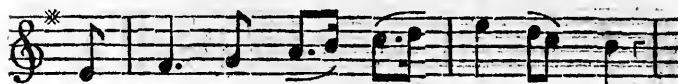
this shall be my song :—And on that



night, when all the crew, The mem'ry of their



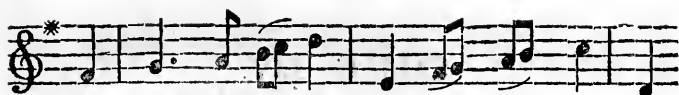
for-mer lives O'er flowing cans of flip re-new,



And drink their sweethearts and their wives ;



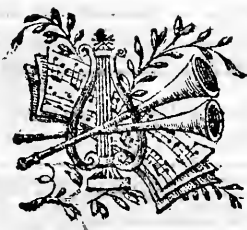
I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh and think



on thee: And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,



The bur - den of my song shall be :

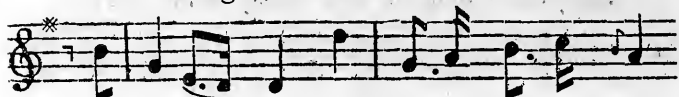


SONG LIV.

When 'tis Night, and the Mid-watch.



When 'tis night, and the Mid-watch is come,



And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,



Then sai-lors think of their far dis-tant home,



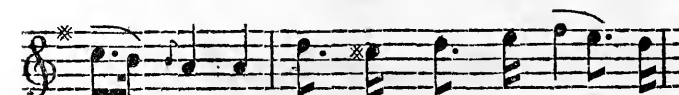
And of those friends they ne'er may see a-gain :



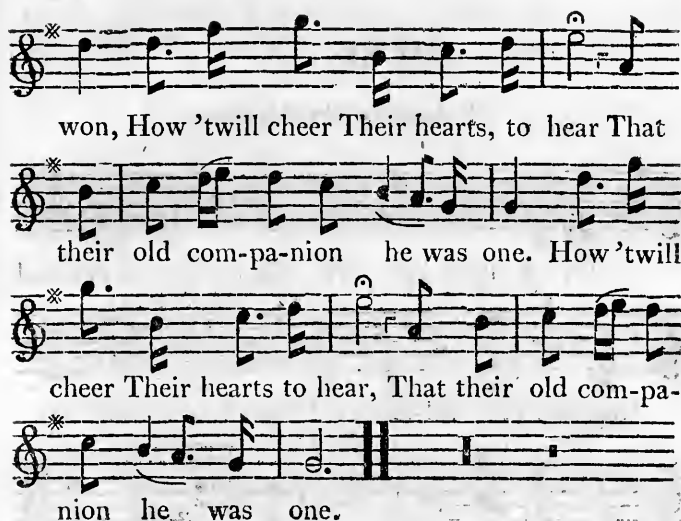
But when the fight's be-gun, Each serving at



his gun, Should a-ny thought of them come o'er



our mind, We think but should the day be



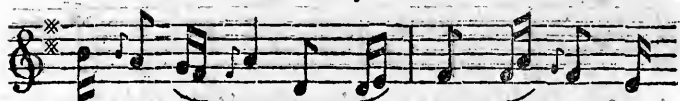
Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore ; some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs, to think how it may fare with you :
 Oh ! when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart, to hear
 That her own true Sailor he was one.



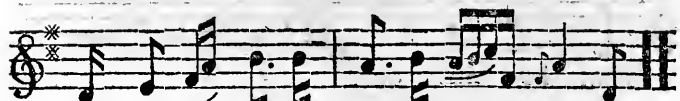
SONG LV.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

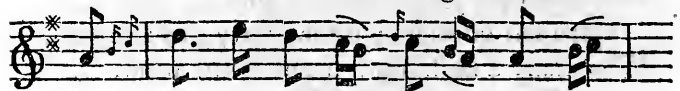
O, I ha'e lost my silk-en snood That tied



my hair sae yel-low ; I gied my heart to



a lad I lo'ed, He was a gal-lant fel-low.



And twine it weel, my bon-ny dow, And



twine it weel the plaiden ; The las-sie lost



her silk - en snood In pu'-ing o' the



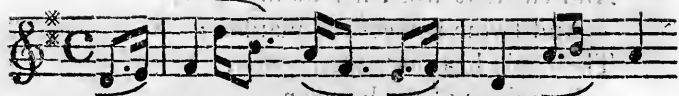
bracken.

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
 Sae lily white my skin, O ;
 And syne he preed my bonny mou',
 And swore it was nae sin, O.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 -- And twine it weel the plaiden ;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 In pu'ing o' the bracken.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 -- His ain true love forsaken ;
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood
 I lost among the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 -- And twine it weel the plaiden ;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 In pu'ing o' the bracken.



SONG LVI.

The blathrie o't.

When I think on this world's pelf,



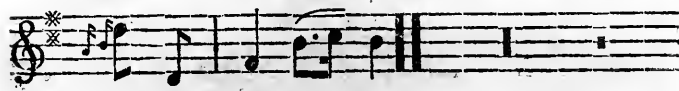
And the lit - tle wee share I ha'e o't to



my-self, And how the lass that wants it is



by the lads for-got: May the shame tak the gear



and the blath-rie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the plough,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat:
May the shame tak the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is dress'd in her silken attire;

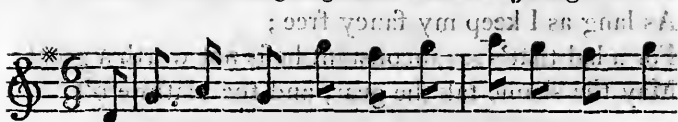
And Jockie says he loo's her, and me he has forgot :
May the shame tak the gear, and the blathrie o't.

But a' this shall never daunt me,
As lang as I keep my fancy free ;
For a lad that's sae inconstant he is not worth a groat :
May the shame tak the gear, and the blathrie o't.

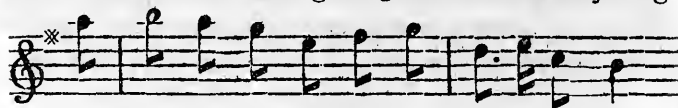


And Jackie says he too's here, and me he has forgotten
 Why the shame tell me, SON OF A GUN!

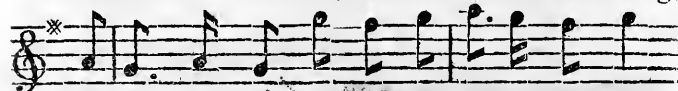
Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,



Wher-e-ver I'm go-ing, and all the day long,



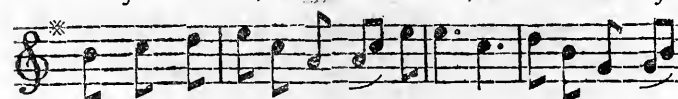
At home and abroad, or a - lone in a throng,



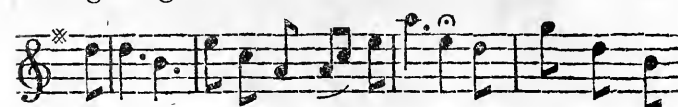
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,



That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my



song. Sing a Bal-li-na-mo-na o-ro, Bal-li-na-mo-



na o-ro, Bal-li-na-mo-na o-ro, A kiss of your



sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
 I sleep all the day, to forget half my woes ;
 So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,
 By St Patrick ! I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply and poor Phelim do save,
 And grant the petition your employer does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll
 stride !
 In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

Your lily white fist for me.



SONG LVIII.

You know I'm your Priest.

To the foregoing Tune.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is
 mine;
 But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign :
 So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear boy, you are settled for life.
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
 The bride and bride's maidens in robes white as snow ;
 So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away—
 She blushes at love, and you whisper obey ;
 You take her dear hand for to have and to hold,
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride ;
 The pipers before us, you march side by side ;
 A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face ;
 The piper plays up, and myself I say grace.
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 A nice wedding dinner for me.

'The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown ;
 The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone :
 'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home ;
 And hey for a christ'ning in nine months to come !

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

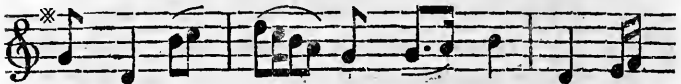


SONG LIX.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride.



Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-ny bride ; Busk ye,



busk ye, my win-some mar-row ; Busk ye,



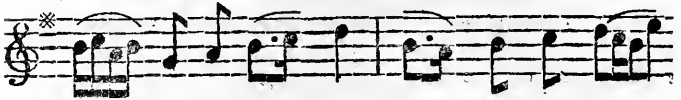
busk ye, my bon - ny bride, And let us



to the braes of Yar-row. There will we



sport-and ga-ther dew, Danc-ing while lav'rocks



sing in the morn-ing, There learn frae tur-



tles to prove true : O, Bell, ne'er vex me



with thy scorn-ing !

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns, that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting:
 O! queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.



SONG. LX.

Open the Door to me, O.

The musical score is written on four staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is written in a single line on each staff, with lyrics placed below the notes. The lyrics are: "O o - pen the door, some pi-ty to shew ;", "O o - pen the door to me, O. Though", "you have been false, I'll al-ways prove true, So", and "o - pen the door to me, O." The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

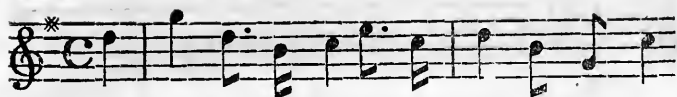
O o - pen the door, some pi-ty to shew ;
 O o - pen the door to me, O. Though
 you have been false, I'll al-ways prove true, So
 o - pen the door to me, O.

Cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But colder your love to me, O !
 Tho' you have been false, I'll always prove true,
 So open the door to me, O !

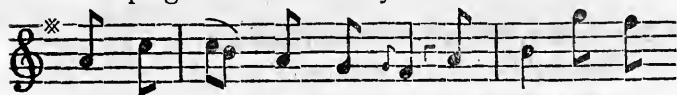
She's open'd the door, and she's open'd it wide,
 And saw his cold corse on the ground, O !
 Tho' she had seem'd cold, her heart still was true,
 And firm by love's cords had been bound, O !

"My true love," she cried, then fell down by his
 side,
 While life from her bosom did flee, O !
 "Tho' in life I was false, yet at last I'll prove true,
 "And your partner in death I will be, O !

SONG LXI.

Nothing like Grog.

A plague of those musty old lubbers, Who tell



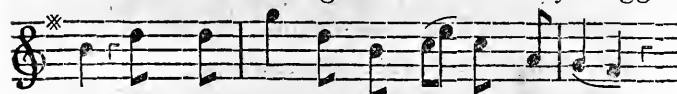
us to fast and to think, And pa-tient fall



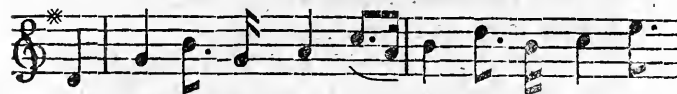
in with life's rubbers, With nothing but wa-ter



to drink: A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd



it, Would have set them for plea-sure a - gog,



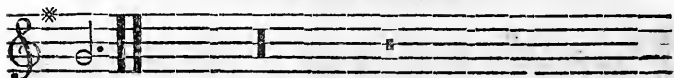
And spite of the rules, And spite of the rules Of



the schools, the old fools Would have all of 'em



swigg'd it, And swore there was nothing like



grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,
 Cried, " Jack, never be such a ninny
 To drink : " says I, " Father, your health."
 So I pass'd round the stuff—soon he twigg'd it,
 And it set the old codger agog ;
 And he swigg'd, and mother,
 And sister and brother,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously slunk,
 And, while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk,
 I tipt him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
 Which soon set his rev'rence agog ;
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there's nothing as drinking
 So pleasant on this side the grave ;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes e'en more valiant the brave.

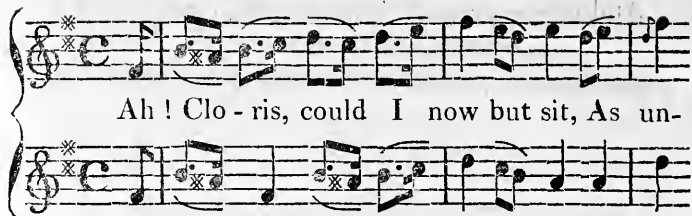
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
'Tis all one—for I've constantly swigg'd it,
And d——me, there's nothing like grog.



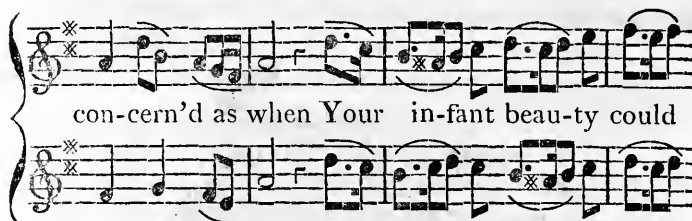
SONG LXII.

Ah! Cloris, could I now but sit.

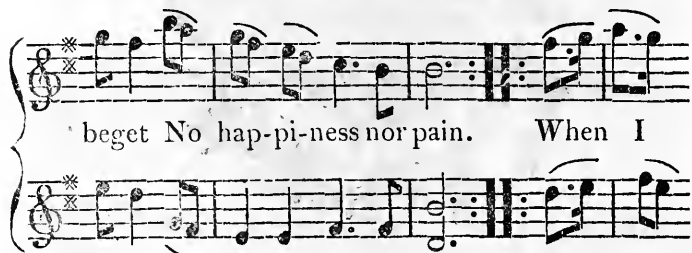
For two Voices, two Violins, or two Flutes.



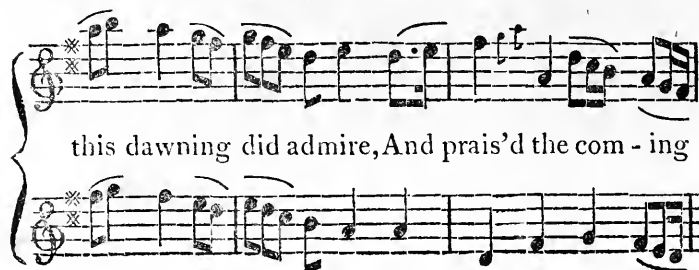
Ah! Clo - ris, could I now but sit, As un-



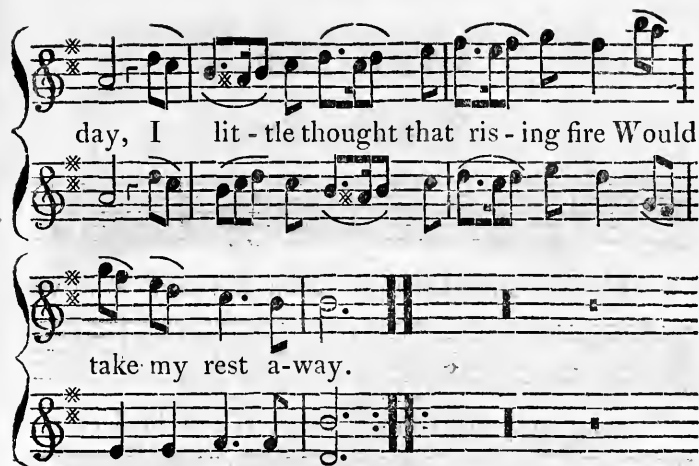
con-cern'd as when Your in-fant beau-ty could



beget No hap-pi-ness nor pain. When I



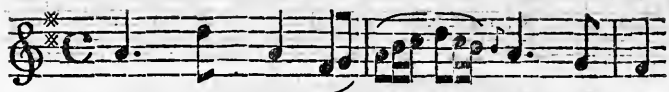
this dawning did admire, And prais'd the com - ing



Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 As metals in a mine ;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection press'd,
 So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid, at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
 To make a beauty, she.

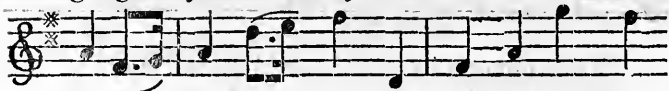
SONG LXIII.

Blythe young Bess.

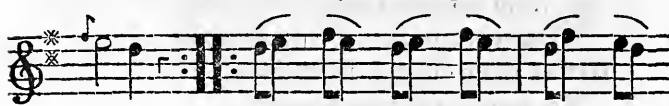
Blythe young Bess to Jean did say, Will ye



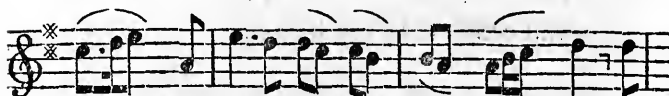
gang to yon sun - ny brae, Where flocks do



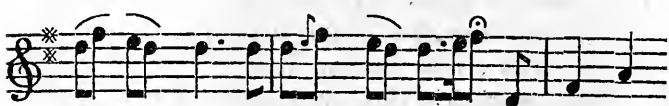
feed, and herds do stray, And sport a while wi'



Jamie? Ah, na, lass, I'll no gang



there, Nor about Ja-mie tak a care, Nor



a - bout Ja - mie tak a care, For he's ta'en



up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see young Jamie pass,
 Wi' mickle blytheness in his face,

Out o'er the muir to Maggie :
 I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
 And Maggie took them nane amiss ;
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
 " That Bess was but a gawkie.

" For whene'er a civil kiss I seek,
 " She turns head, and thraws her cheek,
 " And for an hour she'll hardly speak :
 " Wha'd no-ca' her a gawkie?
 " But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
 " She'll gie a score without offence ;
 " Now gie me ane into the mense,
 " And ye shall be my dawtie."

" O Jamie ye hae monie ta'en,
 " But I will never stand for ane,
 " Or twa, when we do meet again,
 " So ne'er think me a gawkie."
 " Ah, na, lass, that cannot be ;
 " Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 " Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 " E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
 Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.

" O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 " When I came by, your gown sae new ;
 " I think you've got it wat wi' dew."
 Quoth she, " That's like a gawkie :

“ It’s wat wi’ dew, and ’twill get rain,
 “ And I’ll get gowns when it is gane;
 “ Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
 “ And tell it to your dawtie.”
 The guilt appear’d in Jamie’s cheek;
 He cry’d, “ O cruel maid, but sweet,
 “ If I should gang anither gate,
 “ I ne’er cou’d meet my dawtie.”

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
 That ever Maggie’s face he knew
 Or yet ca’d Bess a gawkie.
 As they gaed o’er the muir they sang,
 The hills and dales with echo rang,
 The hills and dales with echo rang,
 “ Gang o’er the muir to Maggy.”

END OF PART FIRST.





6.3.65

